

A HYMN FOR

CHRISTMAS - DAY.

5

LET peace her olive-wand extend,
Let white-rob'd innocence descend;
Fly swift ye years, and rise the morn,
O spring to light, blest Babe be born.

See nature hastes her wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the spring;
Hark! a glad voice the desert cheers,
Prepare the way, a God appears.

A God! a God! the groves reply,
The rocks proclaim the Deity;
Lo earth receives him from the skies,
Bow down ye hills! ye vallies rise!

The Saviour comes, by seers foretold,
Hear him ye deaf, ye blind behold!
The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing,
And hail the coming of their King.

No sigh, no groan, the world shall hear,
From every face he ~~wipes~~ the tear;
Death shall in iron chains be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the wound.

Arise, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thine head, and lift thine eyes;
His word is fix'd, his power remains,
Thy realm still lasts, Messiah reigns.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.